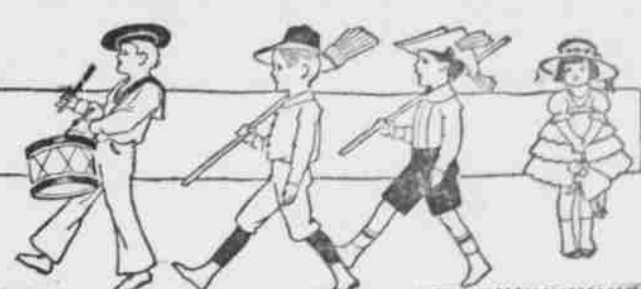


# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE



## Chuffy, the Chipmunk, Gives Bushy Some Advice

**D**O YOU KNOW what that boy's name is?" asked Chuffy, the chipmunk, of Bushy, the unsophisticated squirrel.

"Not I," replied Bushy, busily cracking nuts.

"Alan O'Malley!" retorted Chuffy.

Bushy seemed unimpressed and began a hunt for more nuts.

"Do you know that name strikes terror to the animal world?" demanded Chuffy impatiently.

Bushy picked up a nut, bit into it and dropped it. It was bad. Does it, why?" asked Bushy finally.

"My dear sir, don't you know what Alan O'Malley does?" queried the inquisitive Chuffy.

"Not the least idea," replied Bushy indifferently.

"Ah—ha! So that accounts for your recklessness and daring!" ejaculated Chuffy.

Bushy turned slowly and looked at him. "What do you mean by that, Chuffy?" he asked.

"I mean look out, or Alan O'Malley will get you yet. He's mighty smart, and he wants you, Bushy," warned Chuffy, climbing to the top of a flat rock which lay wholly in the sun.

"Wants me?" mused Bushy.

"Yes—he has a regular menagerie! He caught Squirrel Long-tail last week, but the squirrel bit him so hard that Alan was too amazed to hold onto him. Squirrel Long-tail says he has pigeons, rabbits, white mice, chipmunks, squirrels, birds and even snakes," declared Chuffy.

Bushy blinked his astonishment and then remarked shudderingly, "Snakes! Ugh—how I hate them. What does the boy do with his menagerie, Chuffy?"

"Oh! Just likes to fuss with them and show them off and all that. His mother says he loves animals," concluded Chuffy sarcastically, and vigorously scratched a flea bitten side.

"Then he ought to be very kind to them," observed Bushy, whisking his magnificent tail about proudly to get it out of the way of a chance flea.

"May be kind enough, Bushy," said Chuffy, "but wild creatures can't stand that sort of thing. Chipmunk Sharp-tooth, as fine a specimen of chipmunk as the world ever had, died the very month that he was trapped. Squirrel Long-tail says the baby rabbits are growing thinner and quieter every day in spite of the lettuce and carrot-tops the O'Malley boy gives them."

"What a pity! But, Chuffy, what can one do to keep from getting caught? Is there something one can eat?" asked the innocent squirrel.

Chuffy's laughter almost choked him. "Mercy no, Bushy, you must learn to know the traps," he gasped.

"I don't know a thing about traps. My mother is always trying to tell me about them. She lost part of a paw in one," said Bushy, not at all hurt because Chuffy laughed.

"Then I advise you to keep away from the O'Malley barn. The place is full of traps. I saw you there last night."

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## PRESERVING



**W**HEN MAMMA is preserving I'm as busy as a bee; I scrape the pans and carry cans And help a lot, you see.

I put the labels on the jars When they are set to cool, And paste them tight and spell them right Just like we're taught at school.

And if there is a spoonful left Or extra glassful small, It comes to me for pay, you see, And that's the best of all.

pleasantly.

"Come on," called Bushy gaily, scampering off toward the barn. "Well and most of them in the feed room and the lot, Bushy. But they may be around the barn any where, so mind you look sharp," cautioned Chuffy, as he followed Bushy through the rustling dead grass.

Some oats had been spilled in the feed room and they found a big party of chipmunks enjoying this unexpected feast.

"Now trap just behind you, Bushy," said Chuffy, just after Bushy had stepped inside the door, "take a look at it but don't step back," advised the wise old chipmunk.

Very carefully Bushy circled and gazed upon a cruel looking steel trap baited with a bit of biscuit and cheese.

"Can you go now? We are not liable to be disturbed in the middle of the afternoon," responded Chuffy

## HARVESTING



YES WE'RE BUSY AS WE CAN BE JACK AND BABY LOO AND ME! WE PLANTED OUR GARDEN IN THE SPRING AND NOW WE'RE GLADLY HARVESTING!

"If you value your life forego the temptation of nabbing that tidbit, Bushy."

Bushy smoothed a whisker and walked solemnly around the cunning little house, which was open now, and which Chuffy had explained was another kind of trap. Chuffy was busy filling the pouches in his cheeks with oats, and Bushy went to work on a little pile of unshelled nuts heaped up in one corner.

Bushy and Chuffy were there the remainder of the afternoon, and Bushy watched Chuffy constantly. Chuffy never seemed to see the traps, yet he always ran around them keeping well out of danger.

Just before they were about to return Bushy saw a young chipmunk, who wouldn't mind his mother, get caught in the wooden trap. His poor mother was terribly grieved, for though he squeaked and hunted frantically for a way to get out, and called repeatedly for help no one could tell him how to escape. A very few minutes after this happened they all had to run and hide for the O'Malley boy came whistling down the path and into the barn.

How he did chuckle when he discovered something was in his trap. He took it away, and Chuffy was all for returning to the feed room with the

rest, but Bushy was quite shaken. He had seen one of his comrades captured! He had also seen what every trap-wise chipmunk and squirrel had seen—Alan O'Malley taken another queer looking thing from his pocket and placed it in a conspicuous spot in the feed room. Bushy said he thought he'd better not go back, that his mother wanted him anyway.

Chuffy looked delighted and as if he had done his duty as he watched Bushy race toward his house.

"What's the joke?" asked Squirrel Long-tail coming up at that moment.

Just then talking to Bushy. His mother asked me to warn him against the traps. He plays around here a great deal of the time, and she says she has been quite unable to impress him with the constant dangers and temptations of the place. It's time he was trap-wise. I think I've made him understand me pretty well. 'A word to the wise is sufficient,' he quoted proudly.

### RIDDLES

What comes after cheese? A mouse. Who was the straightest man mentioned in the Bible? Joseph, because he was made a ruler. Why is a horse like the letter Q? Because Q (see) makes it go.

## THE JUNIOR COOK in WAR TIME

### RICE COOKIES TO TAKE TO A PICNIC

Put one tablespoonful milk, One-half cupful rice flour, One-quarter cupful butter substituted,

One-quarter cupful sugar, One-half cupful vanilla flavoring, Into a mixing bowl and work together with a fork till a stiff dough is formed.

Grease a cookie pan. Divide the dough into balls the size of marbles.

Take one ball into the hand and flatten out till it is very thin. Lay in greased pan.

Repeat till all cookies are in the pan. Be sure that they look neat and even and that they are very thin.

Bake in moderate oven till edges are brown.

Take out and lay on a cloth till cool.

## IRON

**C**LING! CLANG! Cling! Clang! sang the blacksmith's hammer, as he struck the red-hot piece of iron on his anvil, making the sparks fly in every direction. Jamie's pony tossed her head impatiently, for she did not like getting new shoes. Her shoes had to be nailed to her feet, and, of course, she never took them off at night when she went to bed. Wouldn't it be funny if children's shoes were nailed to their feet, with no buttons to button nor any ties to lace up in the morning?

Jamie was very much interested in his pony's shoes. It was a brand new pony, and he had never seen a pony try on shoes before. He and his father watched the blacksmith for quite a while, but you know it takes much longer to fit a pony with shoes than it does to fit a little boy, for in the first place a pony has four feet instead of two, and then its shoes have to be made to order.

His father took his pipe from his mouth and suggested, "Let's play a game while we're waiting for Dotty."

"All right," Jamie agreed. "What shall we play?"

"Let's see how many things we can see from here that are made of the same thing that Dotty's shoes are made of—iron. You begin, Jamie."

Jamie looked around. "There's a plow over by the fence," he said, "and wagon wheels, and hammers and—"

"That bridge down there that spans the river is made of iron," his father said.

Just then an automobile whirled by. "And automobiles!" shouted Jamie, excitedly.

"And that engine puffing away down there on those iron tracks," his father said, "and the framework of that concrete house across the road," he went

on. "Can you think of anything else made of iron?"

"Stoves and cooking things, knives—"

"Don't forget cannons and guns," remarked his father.

"Oh, I never thought so many things were made of iron!" Jamie cried. "Why, it must be

more valuable than gold. Where does it all come from, anyway?"

"Out of the ground," said his father. "Like coal?" Jamie asked.

"Yes, some of it has to be mined like coal, and some iron ore lies so close to the surface of the ground that it is just scooped up. This kind is called soft iron ore, and that which is under the ground is called hard or lump iron ore."

"Does it look like that iron in the plow when it is in the ground?" Jamie wanted to know.

"No, it is mixed with other things that have to be taken out before the iron can be used. So after it is mined, it is loaded on cars or in boats and taken to the furnaces where the other things are taken out."

"Why don't they take out that stuff right at the place where they get the ore?"

"Because it would cost too much. You see, to get the iron out of the ore you must have lots of fuel, and in the places where the iron is found usually there is not much coal. And men have found it cheaper to haul the ore to the coal than to haul the coal to the ore. Pittsburgh, the great city in Pennsylvania where so much iron is made—smelted, it is called—is located right in the country where so many coal mines are, and can be easily reached by boats and railroads."

"Why do